The
COMMONWEAL

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Holding the Price Front

PRICE CONTROL within the framework of the sort of economic system to which Americans are used and to which they are psychologically attuned is a task of herculean proportions, for it involves accepting a whole new attitude toward business. It means that the individual merchant and business man must not only consider what is best for his own enterprise, but must be willing to accept limitations in the interests of the general welfare which may prove not merely irksome but actually damaging to his interests. It is because we do not believe anyone should be forced (as distinguished from being *asked*) to make sacrifices beyond reason that we have always favored the general policy of granting subsidies—when such subsidies are necessary—in order to keep down prices. The logic of this seems to us transparent and beyond denial. It is constantly being denied. Why?

One is forced to the conclusion that there are many Americans who feel that, war or no war, "private enterprise" should be allowed to make whatever profits the market will stand, and in a seller's market, this means almost unlimited profits. Senator Clyde M. Reed of Kansas is reported to have used the word "hogwash" to describe all allegations that there exists in this country a concerted effort to undermine price controls. We are afraid that either Mr. Reed does not recognize hogwash when he sees it, or else that he is manufacturing his own private brand of this essential fluid. The majority report of the Congressional committee investigating the executive agencies, a committee headed by Representative Howard W. Smith of Virginia, looks to us like a none-too-subtle effort to do precisely what Senator Reed says nobody is trying to do. In substance, it would have a cost-plus system used to determine prices, and anyone who has ever had any dealings with cost-plus knows that such a system inevitably works to the advantage of the producer and to the great disadvantage of the consumer. It in substance (with very rare exceptions) destroys efficiency, kills any genuine free enterprise; in this particular case it would undoubtedly greatly accelerate inflation. With his characteristic fondness for labor, Mr. Smith would also like to tighten the restrictions on wage increases. And so Congress is being invited to continue freezing everybody who works for a salary and to melt, if not to vaporize, the purchasing power of that salary.

Currency Stabilization

ONE of the difficulties in reviving international trade will be to draw the distinction between legitimate competition and outright economic warfare. For it would be a mistake to assume that international cooperation in this field will mean that each nation will defer to every other, or that it will be up to any international board to decide such details as the country from which an American firm shall buy a certain commodity at a specific time. In drawing up rules for the competition which is to come, few factors are more basic than the matter of monetary valuation. If we further devalue the dollar, or the "sterling bloc" further devalues the pound, that gives an immediate advantage to American or British Empire products in the markets of the world. If different values are set for domestic money and the currency of a nation used in foreign trade, as with the nazis and the Soviets, such disparity can be used for the same underselling purpose. As with many tactics that have been resorted to in unrestricted business competition, such measures start a vicious spiral of similar tricks.

If this country and the other nations of the world are to derive the benefits of full-fledged international exchange of goods and services, we shall therefore have to agree to some sort of currency stabilization. That underlines the importance of the contemplated conference of Allied monetary experts about which Secretary Morgenthau and Secretary Hull have recently made statements. It is good to learn officially that experts

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from over thirty countries find themselves already "in substantial agreement" as to basic principles.

The Negro's Economic Status

ALMOST exactly eight months ago, in an article, "Dawn Is a Long Way Off," THE COMMONWEAL urged Americans who are interested in seeing justice done to the Negro to limit their objectives rather than to demand an immediate, over-all solution of the problem. More and more during the intervening months this point of view has gained acceptance precisely along the lines we urged—a concentration of effort upon *economic* justice as being the easiest end to achieve and the end most immediately desired by the Negro himself. In other words, if we can make it an accepted principle in the United States that everyone shall receive equal pay for equal work, and that opportunities to secure work shall be open to everyone, regardless of color or creed, on a basis of ability and skill, we shall have accomplished much and done a great deal toward achieving the more remote ends which, taken together, constitute justice. In the March *Reader's Digest* William Hard says substantially the same thing. In *Life* for April 24, 1944, appears a courageous and wise editorial, based on the extensive study made by Dr. Gunnar Myrdal for the Carnegie Foundation and reviewed and generally recommended by us earlier this year: "The American Dilemma." *Life* finds that the basis of antagonism between whites and Negroes is, as Myrdal says, a question of fear, and that this fear breaks down into a number of specific fears, the least pressing of which, from the white point of view, is the fear of job equality. The absence of this equality he likewise finds is the most pressing of Negro grievances. Says *Life*: "There would therefore seem to be a basis for progress." But not until the whole matter is rationally analyzed, and whites come to see that it is illogical, for instance, to assume that giving Negroes economic equality is the equivalent of wanting your daughter to marry a Negro. *Life* has done America a real service in its admirably lucid discussion of the whole problem; THE COMMONWEAL feels proud that it was the first American publication to direct discussion into such channels.

Cardinal O'Connell

THE long and distinguished career of the late dean of the American hierarchy amply demonstrates how sheer talent opens the way to positions of authority in the Church. William O'Connell was the youngest of the eleven children born to a poor family of Irish immigrants; he grew up in the mill town of Lowell, Massachusetts, when anti-Catholic prejudice was still strong. In his youth he suffered from ill health. But with the certitude that was to mark his whole life he determined at fifteen to obey God's call to the priesthood. He was greatly encouraged by his mother whom he could not too highly praise.

Two of his most intimate friends at St. Charles Minor Seminary, Ellicott City, Maryland, were the saintly Frederick Price, who was to become one of the two founders of Maryknoll, and the scholarly Edward Pace, who for so many years was to be a luminary of the Catholic University in Washington. The Jesuits of Boston College, where he next studied, also had a lot to do with the formation of his character. And some of the most glowing pages of the Cardinal's autobiography treat of his youthful discovery of the world of books and letters, of music (a lifetime interest at which he became highly proficient) and ideas. As is the experience of many American aspirants for the priesthood, he found his studies, contacts and the clerical student's life at the North American College at Rome positively inspiring.

The confidence which marked William O'Connell's assumption of new responsibilities was most marked when the forty-year episcopacy of his predecessor, Archbishop Williams of Boston, came to a close. Archbishop O'Connell revitalized and transformed the educational and charitable institutions under his charge in a remarkably few months. His archdiocese became widely known for its administrative efficiency; it prospered during the thirty-seven years of his pontificate.

Some of Cardinal O'Connell's views on public matters have become rather widely known throughout America. Although his opposition to the Child Labor Amendment on the ground that it would deliver to the State too much power over the individual child was widely publicized, the generality of American newspaper readers apparently have not realized that William O'Connell was so shocked by the working conditions he observed as a youth in the textile mills of Lowell—particularly as to child labor—that the memory haunted him all his life. He was a staunch enthusiast for the social program of Leo XIII's *Rerum Novarum*. He vigorously opposed anti-Semitism and publicly took Father Coughlin to task in no uncertain terms. While in recent years we have had no explicit comment of his about THE COMMONWEAL, Cardinal O'Connell was the first of the hierarchy generously to respond to an appeal when THE COMMONWEAL was in desperate financial straits less than three years ago.

Cardinal O'Connell was a strong character. Those who did not agree with him at every turn were forced to admit that he never left doubt as to where he stood. The impress he made on the Church in this country in the course of his distinguished career will long be felt. May he rest in peace.

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Soldiers' Return

THEY are not coming back now, the soldiers. Not in any great numbers. A certain number of soldiers will not come back, ever. There are a certain number of wounded men coming back to the hospitals, and the ships will keep bringing the wounded, no one knows for how long, but then there will be a time when the ships will be bringing back soldiers who are not wounded; soldiers for the parades. That will be a happy time.

This is the hard time when the soldiers are still going away from home and the ones who return are mostly the wounded and the exhausted but there will be a time when the main traffic will flow the other way and it will be a happy time when the survivors return. The flags will be out in the city blocks and in the main streets and in the villages and of course where the happiness will be much deeper than that will be in the silence, in the tears, in the first moment when the soldier who has a girl returns to his girl. It is because the separation will be over. It will not matter whether the soldier has been a hero with medals to show, or whether he has been an unrecognized hero with only his own knowledge that he was brave, or whether he was never under fire at all. It is just that there will have been this separation and then an end to it. That will be enough for happiness.

And sometimes for the soldier returning it will just be the look of the streets, the look of the country, the getting onto a street car to go downtown, the walk across the fields. That is when a soldier has not much of a family, not much of a home, or no home, or no family. But it will be something all the same just to get back, where you don't have to salute any more, with some nickels and dimes that you know what they will buy, and no sign language, and nothing out of bounds, and no more beggar children and the women in dresses, with shoes.

If you could keep the happiness just that way it would be fine.

Because that is the only happiness we will get when the soldiers come home and it is the only happiness the soldiers will get when they come home. The only special, unbreakable happiness. The only guaranteed happiness. When the soldier stops being a soldier there is this moment of happiness which nothing can ruin. It is the word return which nothing can distort. It is just this homecoming and nothing else. The soldier comes home and that is the great moment but after he is at home then he is just a citizen. The citizen works, loves, grows old and dies. There are all sorts of schemes to make this progression seem reasonable, acceptable and even inspiring. But it is something you have to work out for yourself. Once you are a citizen there is no use saying you have been a soldier. That won't help. There is no use joining the American Legion. No use writing to your senator.

After a war the danger is that the soldier will expect that the happiness he feels at his return is something that can last; the danger is that the people who have not been to the war will think that the returning soldier can be given a certain security of happiness. And then everyone is disillusioned. That is the danger inherent in the gratitude we feel, in the soldier's claim.

We are not living in Rome with an army of mercenaries. We have not recruited our soldiers from a military caste. We have not divided our people into those who are soldiers and those who are not. There has been no division; there is only the nation; the nation has sent its soldiers into combat. (The grandmother is carried to the cemetery, the child is born; it is impossible to create a special category for those who die, for those who are born; it is impossible to talk about this generation and that generation and make any particular provision for a special generation.) The soldiers die in combat or return from combat. When they return from abroad they reenter, visibly, the life of the nation from which, visibly, they have been separated. Visibly—we saw them go; we see them return. But they simply went out of a room; they reenter the room; the room is in a house which belongs to them, to which they belong. But the house does not belong to them more than it does to us who have not left it during this war. It is theirs and ours.

It is just as well to say so now. Before the soldiers return. Because that is the way things will work out. That is the way things always have worked out. Even when a grateful or a desperate people have tried to entrust their country to the returning soldiers; even when the returning soldiers have claimed and seized the country. Even when it was as bad as that. It never lasted. After a while there were no more soldiers. After a generation. There were only the citizens of the country—and the children of the soldiers, the children of those who had not been soldiers, were undistinguishable the ones from the others. There was just the country left and the people of the country.

After a war the people have to build a country up again. All of them together. With what wisdom they have, taking counsel from the wisest, wherever they are. They have to work things out together, dividing the work—there are the men who were soldiers, the old men who were not soldiers, the women, the young boys growing up—dividing the happiness and the misery. Dividing everything into fair parts. And, because that is not a possible thing to do, they have to accept, all of them, the inevitable uncertainties of existence.

C. G. PAULDING.

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There Must Be Jobs

When the war is finished

Harry Lorin Binsse

IT REQUIRES no supernatural gift of prophecy to say that the central political issue, not only in the United States but in every country, after the war is over will be the provision of jobs on so broad a scale as to constitute what is known as "full employment." The temper of demobilized soldiers, sailors and marines will be ugly if employment is not available to them in reasonably full measure. And the home front population will be fully as insistent in its own behalf. Thus we shall have a presumably organized body of some 8,000,000 men, trained to bear arms and to kill, reintegrated into our population and demanding work, in addition to the millions now employed, most of them at better wages than they have ever known before. The Swedish Minister to the United States, Mr. Vollmar F. Bostrom, admirably described the basis of this demand for jobs:

> Once the great masses of the people realize that in wartime or during preparations for war it is possible for the public authorities to provide work for practically everyone, no abstract principles, theories or doctrines will suffice to keep them from demanding that in peacetime, too, a fairly sure livelihood be made available to all.

Of course at the very outset we must have a clear notion of what is the desirable goal. Given the nature of man, no one could urge that jobs will be automatically assured to everyone, like manna from Heaven. A small amount of insecurity is a necessary spur to our human laziness. If the State takes upon it the task of guaranteeing to every citizen employment, regardless of that citizen's sense of responsibility or talents, the result in the long run is likely to be just as bad as would be an opposite policy, in which the State refuses to concern itself with the problem at all. The truth of the matter is that the concepts of a completely free labor market and of a completely managed labor market are equally unworkable; the freedom of that market must be limited both at the top and at the bottom. In more concrete terms, there must be minimum wages; but there must also be a reasonable amount of competition for jobs.

What do we mean when we use the phrase full employment? The best definition I have yet found appears in a most valuable pamphlet prepared by Nuffield College and published by the Oxford University Press:

> It should be taken to mean a state of affairs in which, by effective measures to deal with the trade cycle and to make industry more easily and rapidly adaptable to necessary structural changes, lack of work will be reduced to a problem which will affect only such numbers and for periods of so short duration as to inflict no human damage with which an adequate plan of social security cannot competently cope. . . . The demands of leisure, and not the limitations of the market, must be made to set the bounds to the volume of useful employment.

Translated into specific terms for the United States, what does this goal involve? About eighteen months ago a group of American business men organized the Committee for Economic Development, the purpose of which was precisely to study the nature of our economic problem after the war and to determine how business could play its full part in solving that problem. This group has proved far more open-minded than the National Association of Manufacturers and similar old-line organizations, yet no one could describe it as radical. In its official literature it says that "A proper target for peace will be about 55,000,000 civilian jobs." In 1940 we had about 46,000,000 civilian workers. This means that our postwar economy must provide 9,000,000 more jobs than did our immediately prewar economy, which in turn was already providing more jobs than were available during the depression years. In order to do this, it will be necessary for us to have a national income which has been variously estimated as being between 150 and 200 billion dollars. For we must always remember that there is a strict relationship between the number of jobs and the size of the national income.

To accomplish these ends we shall have to slough off several million persons who are now employed in war industries and add several million to our present total, although presumably far fewer persons will continue to work overtime and our national income (production) will remain approximately what it will be in 1944—or will have to increase only very slightly. Of course it is hard to speak with any exactness concerning the number of those presently employed who will no longer be employed once the war is over. Roughly this group consists of women—mostly mothers of families—who have gone into industrial production in order to reap the harvest at hand or, in a few cases, for more patriotic reasons; it likewise con-

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sists of the aged and the normally "unemployable" whose low level of efficiency is tolerable only in times of acute labor shortage, and who in a peacetime society should be taken care of in some other fashion, either by their relatives or by the State. But the most optimistic estimate is that about 4,000,000 "war workers" is the maximum we can expect to slough off without social disturbance. We realize that the armed forces will probably discharge at least 8,000,000. Hence we are forced to the conclusion that full employment will require something like 4,000,000 more jobs than are now being filled. If substantially all overtime is done away with, we could probably absorb the greater part of these 4,000,000 new "employables" without having greatly to increase our present national income (production)—which, be it noted, is the greatest in our history.

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The problem, then, boils down to this: how shall we convert a giant war industry, in which price is no object and in which production men generally have a green light facing them with no likelihood of its changing red as long as our enemies hold out, into an equally giant peace industry, producing vast quantities of goods which must find a market for themselves, for which price is an important element, and the green light is always on the edge of turning red? Nor can we expect that this change-over will take place all at once. There will be no neat dividing line. Already a certain amount of war industry has begun to taper off; some has come to a full stop. Some war industry will continue to function after the armistice. Hence the conversion problem begins now and will continue from now until many months after the final armistice.

In so huge an undertaking, we must reconcile ourselves to the fact that governmental planning (and, we may hope, a certain amount of voluntary inter-industry planning) will have to play its part. After all, we accomplished the vast change-over from peacetime to wartime production with the help of planning, and our task of "reconversion" will, if anything, be even more complicated, and therefore even more demand planning. Nothing could be more dangerous than to accept the claim currently being made by American business men that they, and they alone, deserve the credit for our war production. Of course they deserve credit, but they must share that credit with government, with their own associates and colleagues, who became a part of government when they took jobs with the War Production Board or the War Manpower Commission or the procurement services of the armed forces. Imagine what a mess we would have been in, for instance, had there been no system of priorities established for scarce raw materials!

This planning need not be very elaborate or detailed; yet the very thought of it will be irksome to the unthinking apostles of "free enterprise." Happily there have not been business men lacking to admit that we shall need an equivalent of the WPB for at least two years after the cessation of hostilities. The principal function of this planning should be to prevent, as much as is possible, wild over-production, beyond the consumptive power of the market, in any given line of industry. It should likewise seek, by every means in its power, to prevent the application of any brakes upon the people's will to buy postwar products which they now cannot buy and which they now hope they will be able to buy.

The importance of this psychological function cannot be over-emphasized. For instance, we are informed by the automobile manufacturers that the first postwar models they offer the public will be substantially the same as the 1942 models. Any attempt to put radically new models on the market would involve too long a delay for retooling, etc. If this should prove to be true, then it is essential that the prices of these postwar models be not greatly in excess of the prices of the 1942 models; if they are, there will be a widespread feeling that you had better wait before you buy a new car until really new models are on the market, and the automobile manufacturers will be sorely disappointed at their sales and will presumably feel a need to retrench, thus starting the vicious spiral which leads straight to depression.

A related aspect—and one of even greater importance—of the problem of encouraging a buying frame of mind consists in avoiding all kinds of inflation after the war with fully as much energy as it has been avoided during the war. A serious inflation will tremendously diminish in effectiveness the purchasing power which has been piling up in the form of savings during the last two years of wartime employment. It will inevitably encourage hoarding. That reservoir of savings is our best hope for the future; we can clog its outlets almost completely by allowing the value of the dollar to sink materially lower than it is at present. And there will be heavy pressure to do precisely this the minute peace comes. Farmers and manufacturers will clamor against price control, for they will see no reason why they should not be permitted to take full advantage of a seller's market. This clamor, based upon the profound economic ignorance of the majority of our business men, will suit to a T anyone who has debts to pay, and that will mean big business and the government. The easiest way—and the most disastrous, socially—to pay off a large debt is by means of an inflation. It is much harder to try to pay it off by increasing the national income to the point where it can be handled without too much pain.

But apart from these psychological problems,

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there is a very immediate problem. What are we going to do to keep up the momentum of employment and business during the period in which we are changing over from wartime to peacetime production? Mr. Henry J. Kaiser has properly pointed out that keeping up that momentum is absolutely essential, and that without it we are almost certain to fail in our attempts to secure jobs for all. Two things would seem to be required to accomplish this purpose. The first is the planning now of public works—planning now up to the stage where such works can be initiated with a minimum of delay when they become necessary to take up slack in employment. The second is to encourage industry to make careful plans of its own, so that in the case of each separate factory the change-over period may be reduced to a minimum. But above all we should be building up a really large "shelf" of public works. It is estimated that at the present time there exist only about 7 or 8 billion dollars' worth of public works far enough advanced in their planning to be really useful. Government at all levels—municipal, county, state, federal—must get busy right now, or public works will be able to afford no considerable cushion for the shocks which, with accelerating tempo, will close factories from one end of the country to the other. Again the Nuffield College pamphlet admirably states the problem:

> A considerable time is bound to elapse in most cases between the decision to embark on any important project of capital construction and the actual execution. This delay arises both because it takes time to prepare proper plans and because extensive consultation of interests and groups likely to be affected—for example, local authorities—is usually necessary before the work can be begun. Any attempt to improvise such schemes in a hurry is bound to lead to misdirection of effort, and will also commonly involve excessive costs and serious administrative complications. Accordingly, plans of capital development need to be worked out well in advance, in consultation with the bodies concerned in them, and then held ready to be put promptly into execution when the appropriate moment arrives. This necessity exists at all times; in relation to projects which are to be carried out as soon as possible after the war, it points to the need for working the plans out now, not merely in general outline, but in considerable detail, and for reaching agreement in advance with the bodies whose help will be required in carrying them into effect.

It is no help in stimulating bitterly needed planning of public works that so otherwise-progressive an organization as the Committee for Economic Development should loudly insist upon private business's assuming the brunt of the burden of providing post-war employment, and upon government's non-interference. I am sure that it is not the intention of the leaders of this Committee to discourage the accumulation of a public works shelf, since they admit that if private industry fails to provide jobs, the government will have to; and I do not believe that they want a revival of leaf-raking and shovel-leaning. But the effect of their pronouncements is definitely to encourage all those who would like to sabotage efforts to build up such a shelf.

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Luckily one of the phenomena which have been produced by the war can be turned into a great stimulant for the most legitimate kind of public works. This phenomenon is the vast population movement which has come as a result of our war effort. Our countrysides have been drained of their inhabitants, almost to the danger point. Millions of people have moved from one city to another. No one knows quite how large this migration has been, or how permanent it will be. Probably it will be far more permanent than most of us suspect. A survey of war workers (in-migrants) in Portland, Oregon (reported in *Tomorrow's Town* for March, 1944) shows that 21 percent of such workers intend to stay in Portland when the war is over; 30 percent will stay if work is available. Despite crowded life in wartime industrial centers, many, it seems, prefer to stay rather than return to unsatisfactory conditions in their former homes. This poses a major opportunity for war industry centers to create post-war jobs. It means that our whole system of public facilities will have to be overhauled permanently to meet the needs of these vast population shifts. If boldly undertaken, here is another great and long-term market. If neglected in the hope that the in-migrants can be squeezed out—a tendency of thought distressingly frequent in some circles—the results will be disastrous. There is also a vast and interrelated market in improving the amenities and facilities of rural life, in planning a decentralizing movement, under supervision of federal and state government, which, by making country life more attractive and remunerative, can increase the proportion of in-migrant war workers who will want to leave congested areas, and will slow down the general movement from country to city.

Hence it is doubly unfortunate that any responsible voice should be raised to discourage the creation of a shelf of public works. But beside providing such a shelf, beside the overall basic planning necessary to prevent wildcat and chaotic production, beside the planning necessary within industry itself, we must all strive to make ourselves far more familiar with the nature of the economic process. We must honestly try to understand how money works, how savings can be socially useful or socially disastrous, how taxes either can be used to foster healthy business conditions or how they can be allowed to strangle the real benefits which accrue from a *genuine* free enterprise. We must try to understand the nature of monopoly and the best way to deal with such

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ventures as naturally tend toward being monopolies (public utilities, the refining of raw materials like aluminum, etc.). There is no space here to deal with this intricate matter, although I should like to suggest that as a solution, the "public corporation" accords better with our American temperament than does direct government ownership. The successful record of such quasi-public bodies as the Port of New York Authority teaches us many a lesson not yet appreciated by the generality of Americans. In other words, every citizen owes it to himself and to society really to try to find out something about these so largely neglected and so terribly important phenomena of our economic life. In a very real sense they either provide us with, or deny us, our daily bread.

In summary, then, we should seek to pry beneath the surface of the system in which we live. We should realize the gravity of the social changes brought to pass by the war as well as the great opportunity they offer us to build a better country. We should exercise our influence to demand the establishment of a far more comprehensive shelf of public works. We should discipline ourselves not to be frightened by the very word *planning,* but rather to see to it that what planning comes is of a nature to help us rather than to tyrannize us. Above all we must rise to the challenge forced upon us by the war and realize that if we do not meet that challenge in a fashion which satisfies our own standards, others will meet it in a fashion to destroy our freedom.

Catalogue Girl

Jesse Stuart

"IT WOULD do my heart good," I thought, "to beat Millie Spens at her own game. Not a girl on Lost Creek has a chance of getting a beau with Millie Spens around."

I sat in the Lost Creek Church House by the window. I sat there every Sunday morning now to watch Millie Spens ride her fine horse into the churchhouse yard with Larry Currie riding his horse beside her. I used to ride in a rubber-tired buggy beside Larry with a big red-checked lap-robe over our laps. But that was before Millie Spens came along. That was before she took a notion to take my beau. While I was going with Larry, she was taking other Lost Creek girls' beaux. She waited until I got in love with Larry, then she took him.

"Why do they always ride to church late every Sunday morning?" I thought as I watched them dismount from their panting horses whose sides were dark with sweat and with foamy flakes gathered around the corners of their bridle-bitts. "I know why they get here late. They take a ride up Lost Creek and back together before church begins."

It hurt me to see Larry tie her riding skirt to her new brown saddle with a red-plush seat. I saw him tie it to her saddle carefully while she pressed the wrinkles from her skirt with her white-gloved hands. I know our preacher, Brother Sizemore, looked at me when he preached. He saw me getting fidgety in my seat. He saw how nervous I was as I looked out the window. He was preaching the love of God and I was pining for the love of Larry Currie. But Millie Spens had his love.

When they walked into the churchhouse together, everybody looked at them; then, they looked at me. I don't think they could hear my heart pounding. I think everybody understood. Everybody knew that my father, Ezekial Doore, rented a house to live in and land to farm from Millie's father, Archie Spens. Everybody knew that Archie Spens was the richest man on Lost Creek, that he owned five hundred acres of land, that he had sheep, cattle, fine horses, big apple orchards and fields of strawberries. Everybody knew that his tenants farmed tobacco, corn, wheat and potatoes for him and that his share of the crops was half. Everybody knew that he had money in the bank, that he bought anything his daughter wanted. They knew that he had the brown leather saddle with the red-plush seat made especially for Millie. It was the only saddle of its kind on Lost Creek. I think everybody felt sorry for me. That's the way they looked when Larry Currie walked into the churchhouse holding Millie's hand.

When Larry and Millie sat down on the seat in front of me, Millie put her arm on the back of the long seat around Larry's back. She didn't have her white glove on this hand. It was off so I could see her move her fingers. She wanted me to see her new diamond ring. It was bright enough to hurt my eyes if I'd looked at it long enough. But I didn't. I wouldn't please Millie that well. I pretended I didn't notice her engagement ring. Other girls from Lost Creek noticed it. They were glad. If Millie got married, she wouldn't be stealing their beaux any longer, they thought. But they

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didn't think about what she had done to me. My heart kept pounding as I thought about it. I don't remember to this day what Brother Sizemore preached about the morning I saw Millie's engagement ring.

Soon as church was over, I hurried out the door. I walked up the path slowly. I stood upon the hill where I could watch people shaking hands at the churchhouse door. I could see them but they couldn't see me. I watched Larry untie Millie's skirt from the saddle, and while she stepped into it and drew it around her, Larry untied the bridle reins of her horse from an oak branch. I saw Millie mount her horse gracefully while everybody in the churchyard watched her. I heard them saying to one another how beautiful and graceful Millie Spens was. That hurt me so much I could hardly stand it. But what hurt me most was when Larry untied his horse's bridle reins from a low-hanging oak branch, leaped into the saddle and rode down Lost Creek beside Millie. I watched them ride away—their saddle horses pacing side by side down the winding Lost Creek road.

"I can't stand it," I screamed where no one would hear me, wiping tears from my eyes. "Why can't my father be rich and own five hundred acres of land and raise cattle and sheep and fine horses? Why can't my father have tenants to raise his tobacco, corn, potatoes and wheat? Then he could buy me the latest riding skirts from Ohio. And he could have bought me a brown leather saddle with a red-plush seat!"

"What's the matter, Maudie?" Mom asked me soon as I reached our shack.

"There's nothing wrong with me," I said, rushing upstairs.

"I thought you'd been crying," Mom said.

I didn't answer her. I looked into the mirror in my room upstairs. My eyes were red. My face looked broken. From my upstairs window, I looked down Lost Creek valley—down the winding road that wound under the sycamore trees, the water birches and elms that grew along the creek banks. There I saw two horses racing side by side—down the sun-dried yellow road where the thin spring leaves rustled on the trees. The riders were Larry and Millie.

"I won't cry," I said to myself, getting mad all of a sudden. "It will please Millie too well. I'll never shed another tear for her. I'll whip her at her own game. I'll beat her yet. Never will I run up these stairs again to cry like a calf. Mom will never ask me again if I've been crying; she'll be asking me why I come home from church laughing."

"I'll have new clothes," I said smiling, as I picked up a catalogue. "I'll never buy any more clothes from Larry Currie's store. He'll not know where I get my clothes. I'll dress better than Millie Spens; though I don't have a fine horse to ride and a beautiful saddle to sit on. I'll make all the young men on Lost Creek look at me twice."

★

I had an idea as I fondled the catalogue. I'd order me some clothes. I'd find a girl in the catalogue that I wanted to look like; then I'd order the clothes that she was wearing. "I'll hunt a pretty girl in the catalogue," I said to myself. Then I laughed as I turned the pages looking for the girl that I wanted to look like. I turned over many pages before I found the right one. She was beautiful—just the girl I wanted to look like—and she was the girl that I would look like.

"Larry Currie, when you see me looking like this girl, you'll turn your head to look at me twice," I said. "Larry Currie, she's wearing prettier clothes than you keep in your store. Millie Spens won't be wearing that diamond long."

But I stopped smiling when I thought about the money. How would I get the money? Pa couldn't let me have it. He had seven mouths to feed and seven bodies to clothe. He had to give Archie Spens half of everything we raised. I couldn't sell things at Larry Currie's store. He'd know if I sold him young fryers, eggs and butter that I was doing it for a purpose! But it came to me. I could trade these things to Huckster Charlie Hunt. He came every Friday so he could gather his produce and sell it in Ashland on Saturday. He came to our house. I knew that he would help me. I'd ridden so many times with him from school in years past in the huckster wagon.

Friday morning I'd gathered a basket of eggs for him. I met him down the road a mile from our house. And then I told him my secret.

"I'll hep ye, Maudie," he said. "I'll hep ye to look jist like that gal in the catalogue. I can git ye that fine dress, that very hat and them slippers that she has on."

"You'll certainly be doing me a favor," I told him as he put my eggs into a crate on his wagon. "I'll pay you along as I can," I told him. "Some of our produce will go to you instead of Larry Currie's General Merchandise Store."

Huckster Charlie Hunt was pleased when I told him he'd get part of our produce. He knew that Pa had been trading our produce at Larry Currie's Store for groceries and spices. He took the page that I'd torn from the catalogue—the picture of the girl that would take Larry Currie from Millie Spens. He laughed as he folded it up and put it in his watch pocket.

"I'll fetch ye a purty spring outfit," he said, slapping his horses with the lines, driving up the winding, yellow-clay road.

I could barely wait for next Friday to come. I hunted more eggs and heard Pa grumbling about our hens being on a strike. I managed to hide a few pounds of butter for Huckster Charlie. Every-

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thing I managed to get didn't go to Larry Currie's General Merchandise Store to help Larry buy diamond rings for Millie. And it pleased me to slip out every egg and every pound of butter I could for Huckster Charlie.

*

When Charlie came that Friday, he brought me a dress, slippers and hat. I didn't unwrap them. I gave him twelve dozens of eggs and five pounds of butter on my account. My outfit came to sixteen dollars. It would take me a long time to pay him, but he knew that I would. So he gave me a receipt for all I had paid him. And he gave me the page I'd torn from the catalogue.

"Now if ye don't look blank like this gal, only a lot purtier," he said, "ye fetch this stuff back and I'll get ye another outfit."

"All right, Huckster Charlie," I said as I ran up the path to the house with my bundle under my arm. I could hardly wait until I got to my room upstairs. I heard Huckster Charlie's huckster-wagon bell tinkling at the next Lost Creek farm house when I slipped through the front room and upstairs to my room.

I put on my silk stockings first. And they felt like butterflies' wings against my brown sun-tanned legs. Then I put on my new slippers. They felt tight on my feet but they made my feet look so much smaller—just like the girl's feet in the catalogue. Then I tried to put on my skirt. But it wouldn't fit over my petticoats. So I had to take one off. Then my skirt fit. I put on my light-green taffeta blouse. And I tied my yellow and green plaid sash around me in different ways. I tied it with a big bow in the back, for I still thought the skirt was a little tight. But I thought it looked fine.

I stood before the mirror and worked on my hair until my arms and back ached; but I couldn't make it look like the girl's in the catalogue. Then I got another idea. I stooped over and brushed all my hair over my face; then I tied a ribben around my head. I combed the front part of my hair back over the ribbon; it had a pompadour effect. It was easy then to twist the back of my hair into a knot. Now, when I put my hat on and I looked like the girl in the catalogue; for my hat, like hers, was no bigger than a saucer and had a bunch of red roses on it and two velvet streamers that tied under my chin.

Saturday every time I could slip away from my mother and sisters, I ran upstairs and practiced putting my clothes on. Then I would look at the girl in the catalogue. I wondered how she would walk and talk. I wanted to be like her. I practiced walking across my room in my new shoes. I talked to myself in the mirror. I looked like a different person. I talked to myself in the mirror so I would know just how I looked when I talked to the Lost Creek people at church.

I worked so hard at all this that on Sunday morning when I dressed, I felt at ease in my new clothes. I felt they were a part of me; that I had always worn this kind of clothes. Before I left the shack, I took a last look at the girl in the catalogue; then I looked at myself in the mirror.

*

I hurried down the path to the Lost Creek road. I was alone; but behind me I heard voices speaking about the girl ahead. They were wondering who I was. I hurried to the Lost Creek Churchhouse; crossed the churchyard where many young men were standing. I didn't know whether they knew me or not. They just stood and looked at me and I heard them saying soon as I entered the churchhouse that I was "beautiful." I took my seat by the window while everybody, even Brother Sizemore, stared at me.

Before church services had begun, I saw two sweat-damp, foam-flecked horses dash onto the churchyard. Larry dismounted his horse and helped Millie from hers. While Larry tied the horses to the low-hanging branches of an oak tree, the same branches where they had tied them last Sunday, Millie stepped from her riding skirt.

Not knowing who I was, they sat down on the seat in front of me. Larry glanced around and saw me—his eyes were slow to leave. He turned his head slowly and then Millie looked around to see why Larry looked so long. Millie looked at me quickly and then she looked away. Larry turned to look at me again—I don't believe he knew me. Larry looked at the young men over the churchhouse who were looking at me. Then he would look around to see if I was looking at them. Millie would look at Larry—her face was a little stern as she watched Larry move nervously in his seat. He would rub his face with his hands and then he would twirl his hat around and around. He would pull his watch out and look at it all the time church was going on. He even pulled his fountain pen from his pocket and screwed the top off and on again until I thought he would wear it out.

When church was over, I started walking slowly toward the door. Larry followed me out of the house as other young men stood along the aisles looking at me. I felt as I had never felt before. I wondered why Larry was following me before the whole church crowd. I wondered if Millie knew what he was doing—Millie, whose face must have been getting red as she talked to her mother's first cousin. Maybe she didn't want to see what was going on. And I wondered if she put the white glove on again.

"Maudie Doore, is that you?" I heard Larry ask as he followed me into the churchyard.

"It is," I said as I kept walking like I thought the girl in the catalogue would walk.

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"You're beautiful, Maudie," he said—"I didn't know you were so pretty!"

I didn't answer.

"Today will be a great day at Upper Lost Creek," he said. "I wonder if you would like to go with me to the baptizing there?"

"Why, yes, I think I would," I said softly.

"Wait here, until I get my horse," he said quickly.

Soon we were walking up the Lost Creek road side by side. Larry was leading his horse.

"Would you like for me to bring along a horse for you to ride next Sunday?" Larry asked.

"Well, no, I'd rather walk," I said shyly, remembering the girl in the catalogue and my tight skirt.

Communications

JOHN LONGO

Jersey City, N. J.

TO the Editors: On January 7, 1944, your readers were given a picture of persecution and terror in the story of John Longo and his experiences at the hands of the Hague machine in Jersey City. While former Governor Edison's investigating committee has cleared him of the charge against him, if he is to gain permanent freedom and complete vindication, Longo must carry his appeal to the state's higher courts.

The matter is now ready for the Supreme Court and some money is still needed for expenses incident to printing of briefs, filing fees, etc. Already many citizens from all parts of the country have responded and have aided a great deal not only financially but morally. However, some additional funds are needed. The committee undertaking Longo's defense would appreciate additional help from your readers, who may have wondered what they can do to correct these abuses in Jersey City.

While giving practical, material help to a young man in a gallant fight for his liberty, your readers can participate in a "commando" thrust to reestablish justice and democracy in a community that has long since steered from that path. Our nation is now courageously and self-sacrificingly trying to destroy such injustices throughout the world. Independent men like Longo should not be forced to endure such treatment within this nation.

GEORGE G. HOLLINGSHEAD,
Treasurer, Longo Defense Committee,
574 *Jersey Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.*

JAPANESE AMERICANS

Omaha, Neb.

TO the Editors: Your issue of March 10 concerning Japanese Americans was recently brought to my attention by the Right Reverend Monsignor E. J. Flanagan of Boys Town. I was very much interested in the several articles and wish to extend my sincere appreciation for your fair and most accurate as well as sympathetic presentation of the Japanese American situation.

I wish to take this opportunity to call your attention to the efforts of Father Flanagan in the relocation of these citizens. You see, I am one of the many evacuees from the West Coast who have found a haven here at Boys Town. Through the generous and kind efforts of Father Flanagan, my wife and I were able to leave the stables of the Santa Anita Assembly Center in California in 1942. We had spent six months in the confines of the former racing plant, with 19,000 others who were rudely moved out of their homes because they were unfortunately born of Japanese parents. My wife and I at present are employed in this wonderful democratic institution as a stenographer and psychologist respectively. There are eight other Niseis employed in various capacities here at Boys Town, such as: gardeners, carpenters, farmers, etc. Father Flanagan has actually been instrumental in relocating approximately forty to fifty individuals in and around Omaha. He has been a pioneer in the relocation movement here in the Midwest, and had families relocated prior to the creation of the WRA. Also several underprivileged homeless boys of Japanese descent have found a haven as boy-citizens in this "City of Little Men."

K. PATRICK OKURA.

TEACHING THE WORKERS

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editors: In commenting (April 21) on the remarks of John Cort, Father Higgins offers to all friends of the ACTU an interesting and helpful challenge. His remarks deserve our serious consideration. And yet I think that Father Higgins proves too much. I hardly expected him to use a Peglerian type of argument against the ACTU. The mistakes of a movement or its dangerous possibilities are never sufficient reason by themselves to require that it be rendered innocuous. Otherwise unions themselves might well heed Westbrook! To reduce the ACTU to an educational and inspirational level would, in the present stage of our development, render it the "failure" of which John Cort so eloquently spoke.

No one can be content to sit back in his easy chair and mouth principles. Principles can become empty symbols if they do not work. It is much better that the ACTU share in labor's self-reform, than have an anti-labor government goaded by the Howard Smiths and the Pappy O'Daniels resort to "quackery" to accomplish the "cure."

To raise the cry of factionalism is, I am afraid, to introduce that type of imputed argumentation which Father Higgins has so often condemned in the past. Admittedly, factionalism is always a danger. For this reason Father Higgins's warning is most timely. Nevertheless, the ACTU has never, in the seven years of its existence, raised the "religious issue," and has been most zealous in cooperating with its non-Catholic brothers in defending what it considers the cause of justice and democratic unionism. If by factionalism, Father Higgins means factionalism within a union, all that Father Higgins is suggesting is that the ACTU withdraw its support from minority groups who perhaps have no other defender or who otherwise would be unable to raise their voice. Minority groups pursuing worthy and moral purposes contribute greatly to democratic labor movement.

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Father Higgins suggests that since all issues are not black and white, that ACTU should restrain its activities. Yet there are issues which are black and white. Would Father Higgins suggest that the ACTU, and any other organization for that matter, refuse to assist in eliminating union discrimination against the Negro and the Jew? And if it is licit for the ACTU to perform this "pressure" function, why is it illicit for it to cooperate in cleansing unions of outright injustice, racketeering, or communism? Where the question is not clear-cut, all that Father Higgins can legitimately urge is that the ACTU use caution and prudence, perhaps greater prudence than it has used in the past.

There is no one more sincere than Father Higgins in condemning the *laissez-faire* attitude of many Catholics when it is a question of government and employer associations. Are we now to perform a mental flip-flop and adopt a *laissez-faire* attitude toward unions? We have encouraged Catholic organization to fight the injustices perpetrated by employers against their employees. Is a working man to be helpless before the "bossism" of a Joe Fay or a Willie Bioff?

Father Higgins is perfectly correct in urging us to be sensitive to legitimate criticism by labor groups of our ACTU activities. He is also helpful in asking that Catholic groups avoid a doctrinaire attitude, and that they act only upon mature deliberation and prudent counsel. Yet when all is said and done, the ACTU has something to offer the labor movement, not as an outsider horning in, but as one group of union men offering their principles, counsel and strength to other union men who are in need.

REV. GEORGE A. KELLY.

The Stage & Screen

Sheppey

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM subtitles his piece "A Portrait." I should be inclined to call it a picture-puzzle with a good many pieces missing. Produced, I believe, some ten years ago in England, the play portrays the fortunes of Sheppey, a Dear Old Boy, chief operator and personality in a Bond Street Barber Shop, whose winning of a large prize in the Irish Sweepstakes precipitates him toward a sort of facet of Christianity whereby, convinced of the futility of trying to pass a camel through the eye of a needle, he determines to foreswear his earthly treasure in order to build a heavenly one. This decision, arrived at fairly late in the evening (the entire first act is devoted to establishing the fact that the Dear Old Boy *is* a Dear Old Boy—a circumstance that any good actor could project on his first entrance), naturally affords Mr. Maugham opportunities for the exercise of his familiar brand of irony in the shape of an unscrupulous medico, a bewildered wife, a selfish daughter, an incessant and nauseating son-in-law and one or two reluctant beneficiaries. The affair is fantasied at the end by the crucial introduction of *Death In A Trench Coat* (played by the

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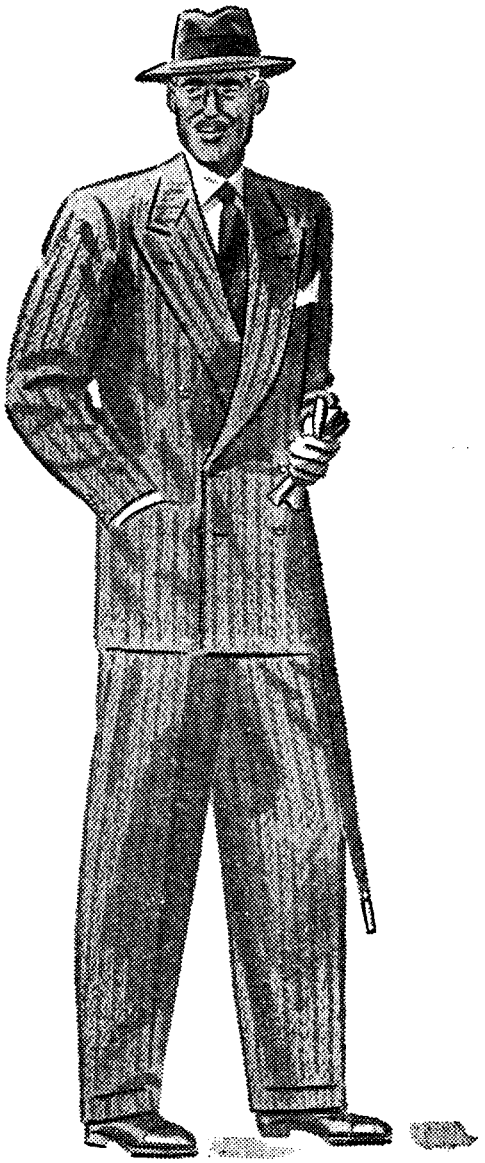

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tallest young actress I have seen) a symbolical device technically permissible perhaps—in that the author has to end his play somehow—but otherwise, I should say, esthetically impulsive. In basing his work on Christ's commandment to the rich young man of the Testament, Mr. Maugham has disregarded, or rather, found no room for the crux of the injunction contained in its final phrase: *and come, follow me.* Certainly the saddest moment on the stage occurs when the Dear Old Boy, patently surprised at the lapse of his redeemed Thief, digs into his pocket for a shilling with the intimation that more will be forthcoming on demand. Having built him into a sort of one-way banker (but a banker nonetheless), evidently his author thereby considers he had created that modern phenomenon: a genuine Christian man. Sad indeed. And as there is nothing more tiresome than the process of dodging an issue, as entertainment the piece is equally sad. Admitting the superficiality of the author's thinking, I think one must concede that its results are here unwontedly profound: as heavy as lead—or better, as heavy as the equivalent weight in feathers; stale, scattered, smothering.

Accounting for players, I think Edmund Gwenn—one of the best of actors—has spent rather more than he should have done in the leading rôle. With no relieving action written him, merely endless minutes of solid talk, one finds oneself in the middle of the evening entirely conversant with his bag of tricks and gestures; a situation which seems hardly fair, as all of his magic is authentic and the invention behind it rare. He wastes himself throughout and I do not like to see it. Due to the exigencies of the war, a number of truly capable English actors are available on the street, and in this production I should like to mention with gratitude Barbara Everest, Cathleen Cordell, Doris Patston, Anthony Kemble-Cooper. Sir Cedric Hardwicke's direction evidently could not fake pace into the proceedings; while, on the other hand, Watson Barratt's meticulous first-act set struck me as provocative. An existent if a disappearing race among us, the *men of métier* seem never to be examined by our dramatists. I would like to see another play sprung from a barber shop, a delicatessen shop, a cobbler's, a garage. In this one, Mr. Maugham wastes much of our time and all of his theme proving his barber a super-salesman; but, of course, there is more to sound barbering than that. If we are to be harnessed, as we seem to be, to these recurrent, half-baked, sentimental interpretations of the Christian *logos* on the stage, it would appear to me wiser for our writers to begin at the simplest beginning; or, as Jean de Menasce has pointed out (THE COMMONWEAL, April 28) in the carpenter's shop. Certainly, if one can find the ground, it should be more possible to achieve the air. (*At the Playhouse.*)

Allah Be Praised

ANOTHER example of the fact that although money may talk, it cannot make the music. Here, out of a credit list of some eighteen specialists, I could find only two—Miles White and Anita Alvarez—whose work consistently justifies a long, long, jerky evening. Mr. White's costumes for the ensemble were progressively special, and his individual stuff enhanced each player. And Miss Alvarez, with no obvious part in the piece, proved herself a coming clown. The entire show proceeds by fits and starts, dying down toward the end into a good bit of old-fashioned dirt. As far as I could tell, it had something to do with Persia, the US Government and oil. I liked a number called "What's New in New York" and would like to say something for the generous energy of Mary Jane Walsh; commend someone for the system of set changes (style stuff); record John Hoysradt as a lazy entertainer; and tell Patricia Morison and Joey Faye simply to go away. Having refused to build on a book, I think the producer, Alfred Bloomingdale, will eventually find his one or two good ideas turning up in someone else's success. (*At the Adelphi.*) KAPPO PHELAN.

Boys With Whiskers

BIOGRAPHY is again rearing its fantastic head in Hollywood—this time in films covering two well-known Americans, men who have been so built up by legend that it is difficult to tell what of their lives is fiction and what is fact. Bill Cody and Sam Clemens had much in common besides being contemporaries; they were both bold, brave and adventurous; they married entirely out of their class; they were showmen at heart; they successfully provided wholesome entertainment for youngsters and oldsters; and they were perennial Peter Pans.

In a grand splash of technicolor appropriate to its subject, *"Buffalo Bill"* tells the story of the famous scout whose name is synonymous with the Wild West. It follows the tales that thrilled us as boys and is complete with expert horsemanship, Indians biting the dust, arrows flying through space and into white men's bodies, buffaloes roaming extremely beautiful technicolored prairies, wars between the Cheyennes and whites; and it winds up in this prosaic century with Buffalo Bill, white-whiskered and white-haired, exhibiting his wonderful Wild West shows to effete civilians at home and abroad. Dates and facts are juggled, but between the film's beginning in the 1870's and its end we see enough of Cody and his times and milieu to realize why he was both friend and enemy of the Indian. Joel McCrea portrays the scout as a dashing figure in buckskin; he understands the red man and opposes the white man's ruthless slaughter of the buffalo. The film makes one point very clear: that the United States did not always treat its subjected nations well. The railroaders told the Cheyennes to "move or be driven out." And the greedy buffalo hunters rapidly killed off the Indians' main source of food and shelter. The first half of the film is absorbing especially for its spirit of whooping-it-up-in-the-West. The romance between shy, outdoorsy Cody and Senator Frederici's citified daughter (Maureen O'Hara) is rather ludicrous; and later, after Cody leaves the West and goes to seed in New York, the movie loses much of its interest, in spite of the dramatic tension built up when our hero berates the whites for their treatment of the Indians and the subsequent discrediting of his name and reputation. Effective in the supporting cast are Anthony Quinn, Thomas Mitchell and Edward Buchanan.

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Linda Darnell is asked to play the thankless and pointless rôle of an Indian who ogles Bill. William A. Wellman's direction is good although he had to work with a mediocre script that had been toned down for children; the production, particularly the Western stuff, is of a high quality that would have pleased Frank Remington.

I approached *"The Adventures of Mark Twain"* with reluctance; for although I have great respect for some of that author's works, he himself is not one of my favorite characters. Somehow I always confuse Twain and Will Rogers and get a composite figure of a white-suited, gum-chewing exhibitionist making wise cracks. The film traces the story of Samuel Clemens from his birth in 1835, when he was greeted by a comet, to his death seventy-five years later, when Halley's show again brightened the skies. Between these two astronomical events, we are shown scenes of Sam's boyhood and young manhood on the Mississippi, his discouraging adventures in mining out West which led to his turning to reporting in order to be able to ask Olivia Langdon to marry him, his writing the jumping frog story which made him famous, his courtship and marriage, and his years of writing, publishing, bankruptcy, lecturing, and finally the honors which came in recognition of his contribution to literature. I found most of this made more interesting cinema than I had anticipated.

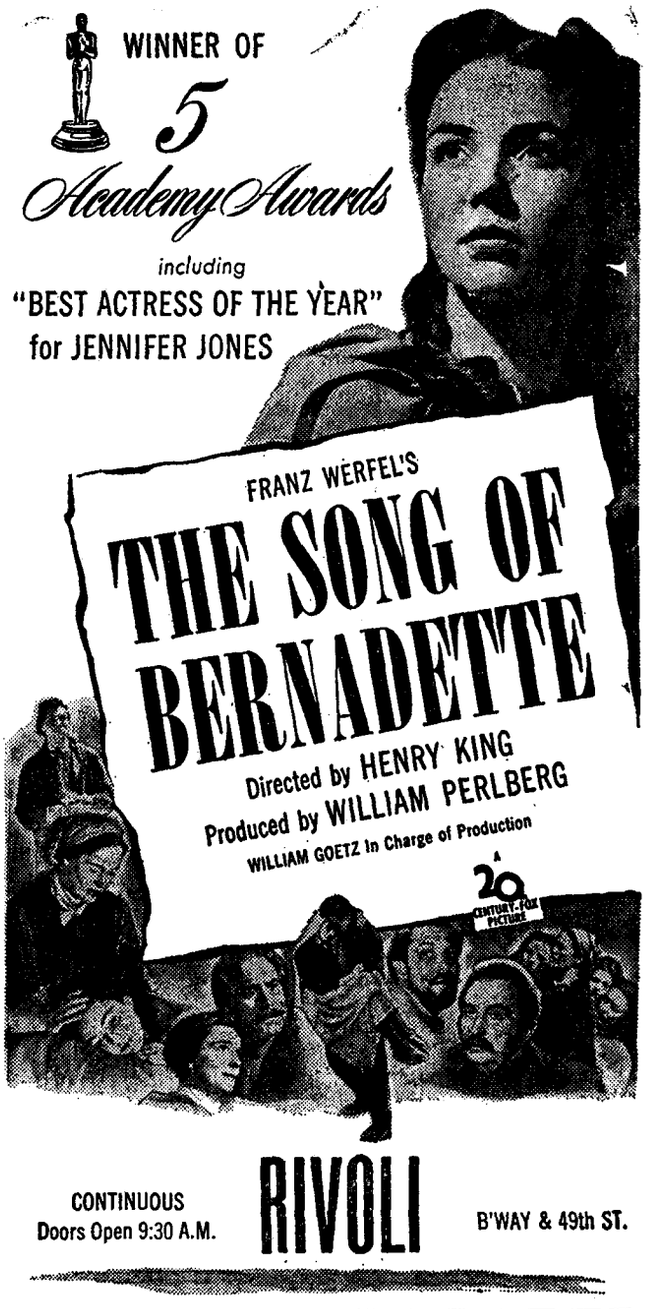
"Mark Twain" is full of Mark Twain whimsy of course; but Alan LeMay's script comes down to earth often enough to make us feel that this is a real man and not just a series of wise cracks and idiosyncrasies. The facts are interpolated with legend; sentiment is mixed with realism. Clemens's generosity, bad taste, good writing ability, love and regard for his own Mississippi boyhood are displayed and there emerges Mark Twain, an outstanding American to whom we owe thanks for many an original and lasting picture of life in this country. The film is greatly aided by Max Steiner's music which is in the spirit of the times and subject. Also praiseworthy are Fredric March's restrained performance and the large cast including Donald Crisp, John Carradine, Alexis Smith, Percy Kilbride and others who appear for only brief scenes in this long episodic, well-photographed biography. Jesse L. Lasky's fine production has caught well the color of the period. Lasky might have improved his film by shortening it. While the River lore held me fascinated, I found some of the later material tiresome and dull. Director Rapper wisely inserts suspense wherever possible and frequently lets Mark Twain recall and watch Tom Sawyer and Huck in action. Perhaps what would please me more is a film entirely concerned with Tom and Huck.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Making Things Tick

EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

OF ALL the nation's postwar perplexities, none is more mystifying than that of maintaining and expanding production—of keeping America's workers gainfully employed at turning out the goods and services of peace. American business, after two years of sustained all-



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out production, is beginning to take a few deep breaths, fill out its chest and predict that, if not held back by taxation or other government restrictions, it will even increase its present giant pace. According to this widely held view, the key to a new economy of sustained abundance is a genuine freedom of enterprise in which competition would have free play.

No one is voicing these sentiments more often or more persuasively these days than engaging Eric Johnston, comparatively youthful president of the United States Chamber of Commerce. In his new book* he envisages an American competitive system in which brass knuckles, biting in the clinches, rabbit punches or modern commando tactics are effectually barred. He believes that competitive enterprise should be protected from domestic monopolies and international cartels, as well as from excessive taxation and other governmental hindrances to industrial expansion. He advocates a "people's capitalism," a state of affairs in which the great bulk of the population goes around with savings in its pockets. He calls his conception the "Middle Way."

Back of all this, and of his extreme geniality toward labor, the farmer, government and little business, is genuine respect for the inviolability of the human person. So much so that Mr. Johnton expresses grave anxiety over the danger that the American conscience will be irreparably dulled by the horrors of this war. Mr. Johnston fears that we shall become hardened and acquiescent to the sufferings of others. And because he is so convinced of the importance of safeguarding the basic human liberties, he vigorously opposes concentration of power in government or business executive hands. He has a genuine Christian appreciation for human freedom and a keen sense of social responsibility. With the sound objectives he has for the American citizen and American society, what suggestions does Mr. Johnston offer to assure the United States full-time production and employment in the years to come?

Pathetically little. For he is so convinced that "American capitalism . . . is clearly more successful than any system known to man" that he believes a little patchwork here and there will turn the trick. He would strengthen little business, curb monopolies and cartels, compel labor unions to be more responsible and modify taxation so that it will encourage new and expanded enterprise. Mr. Johnston is also soundly in favor of raising living standards in other countries, although he fails to indicate just how this is to be accomplished. Somehow or other he expects these measures (all of which are good), if undertaken while there is still momentum from our vast war production, to produce a new American economy of abundance. It sounds to me too much like the old formula of "a pass, a punt and a prayer." Tremendous productive capacity, upon which Eric Johnston banks so heavily, has been with us all along; pent-up consumer demand will give renewed peacetime activity a good start, but recent history has clearly demonstrated that under an unmodified capitalistic system, consumer demand cannot for long keep pace with actual—let alone potential—production. Why should the old system suddenly start to click in the postwar years?

The great majority of economists today agree as to the strategic importance of balancing production with consumption and investment. The evils of "oversaving" are likewise recognized in Congressman Jerry Voorhis's latest book,* which, like Eric Johnston's, touches on many things in a sensitive, human fashion. And in their basic aspirations for America, foreign peoples and humane society generally, the two have many common aims. Eric Johnston broaches little beyond a pious hope to remedy the fatal inability of the present capitalistic system to distribute the goods it is capable of producing. Jerry Voorhis believes in a lot of comparatively minor repair work, too, but he also has one kingpin answer to that basic difficulty.

Ultimately that answer is a certain type of social credit. The device he proposes sounds remarkably simple; it is based upon the commodity dollar rather than the dollar backed by gold. (Where Mr. Johnston believes and adduces some convincing if not conclusive evidence that the "American system" is the finest ever devised by man, Mr. Voorhis dubs the gold standard, one of the pillars of the system, "a relic of barbaric periods of mankind's development.")

The thoughtful, socially-minded young California Congressman holds that it is obvious that purchasing power must keep pace with production of goods. At present we create new money by selling government securities to private banks, thereby increasing the national debt and the interest charges the national treasury must meet year after year. Under our current system national expansion of purchasing power is therefore held back by its tie-in with increasing the national debt. It works badly all round.

Under the Voorhis scheme money in circulation would depend upon production of goods and services. Each year that the national production increased, new money would be issued directly by the government to cover that increase, to keep production and purchasing power in balance. This would mean no increase of interest-bearing debt. And tied to something as definite as national production, such a scheme would not seem to lead to runaway inflation.

Bold is the man who would rush in to recommend without a second thought untried methods of modifying our nation's system of currency and credit. Mr. Voorhis has been thinking along these lines for a considerable time now. And one does not have to be a money expert or a social crediter to recognize that there is much in his contention that the wealth of the United States resides not so much in the gold reserves piled up at Fort Knox as in the power of the American people to produce goods and services.

An associate of mine, who has given much thought to the question of social credit, says the greatest obstacle to the acceptance of the commodity dollar is psychological. Americans are far from willing to abandon the gold standard. My colleague thinks the Voorhis plan would work, therefore, only if the currency were issued by the government when needed, according to the commodity dollar scheme,

*America Unlimited. Eric Johnston. Doubleday. $2.50.

*Beyond Victory. Jerry Voorhis. Farrar. $2.50.

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without the American people being any the wiser. This would be an extremely bad precedent in our democracy; it would not do. The task would then seem to be to find some less drastic modification of our present system of creating credit that will meet that need without increasing the national debt burden.

Meanwhile there are other helpful measures which Mr. Voorhis advocates in order to balance production with consumption and investment. Social Security can be expanded to cover all citizens and thus cushion sudden dips in purchasing power. Idle funds can be drastically taxed to provide an incentive to fruitful investment. And Mr. Voorhis would not count investment in gilt-edge securities, already old stand-bys, as a legitimate means of avoiding this new tax. Only investment in new enterprise, new issues for expanding business already operating, insurance or public bonds would qualify. This is a curious juxtaposition which assumes that government and insurance companies will utilize these funds to expand productive enterprise. Mr. Voorhis goes so far as to contend that if total domestic buying power keeps pace with the supply of goods, no nation will fear the imports of other nations but rather welcome them. Hence international trade would flourish. There may be something in this, but it is even easier to see the force of an allied contention of the author that lack of domestic markets has led many a modern nation to imperialism and war in the hope that foreign adventures would divert attention from the failure of domestic policies. All the measures suggested by Jerry Voorhis are based on his thesis that the government should "give the producers of the nation a virtual guarantee that the market for their goods will not be allowed to fail."

These two volumes are only a few in a long series which can be expected to multiply. They deal with a subject upon which socially-minded Americans cannot ponder too much. But the time has passed for idle talk. No subsequent volume will be worthy of consideration unless it confronts squarely the problem of keeping in balance our vast consuming and producing powers.

Editors' Choice

YANKEE FROM OLYMPUS. *Justice Holmes and His Family. Catherine Drinker Bowen. Atlantic-Little.* $3.00.

THE OTHER MAHONEY. *Ray W. Sherman. Washburn.* $2.75.

Pragmatism in the Law

A LIFE of Mr. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes must by necessity arouse two quite different sets of reflections. First of all—and obviously—one must judge such a life as a piece of literature, as a biography. Secondly one is forced to appraise the value of Mr. Holmes's great contribution to a thing of which he would violently have denied the existence—the philosophy of law. "Yankee from Olympus" is a thoroughly pleasant book about a vastly interesting American. It is written with zest and with a nice feeling for what will hold a reader's attention. Most effectively it uses what might be described as the Wagnerian technique, the repetition at climactic moments of phrases which serve as literary *leit-motifs*. Only a person who has been lucky enough to have been one of the Justice's intimates could say with authority whether the portrait here presented is true to life; one suspects that it is as true as such portraits ever are. Evidently Mrs. Bowen has really worked at her sources and has taken true pains to collect testimony from the living. Perhaps she sees her characters too black-and-white. The father of the Justice —the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table"—seems overdrawn, a little too much the conceited successful author. The antipathy between father and son seems heightened for dramatic effect. And yet perhaps Mrs. Bowen is altogether justified in these things. In the last analysis the only persons who could fairly judge her on these points are dead; their testimony is not available. One thing about her book is annoying and unsound; her admitted "fictionalizing"—attributing words, gestures, thoughts of her own invention to persons greater than herself.

Certainly "Yankee from Olympus" is a very real achievement in its explanation of Mr. Holmes's relation to the development of American law. That is not an easy job. There are very few subjects harder to make interesting to lay readers. Not only has she done this difficult job; she has related her subject's position in the law to the whole intellectual atmosphere of the America in which he lived—to Pierce and William James and later to Dewey and Frankfurter. Holmes emerges as the preacher, in the law, of the same pragmatism that was winning the day in science, in philosophy, in the social studies during the latter part of the nineteenth century and the early years of the twentieth. In a sense, his characteristic attitude is made to seem an inevitable outcome of his personal associations and of the intellectual bent which the society in which he lived imposed upon him.

This is not in any way to belittle his achievement. Almost single-handed he transformed the legalism which had previously held universal sway in American jurisprudence into a far more flexible social instrument, the function of which was in the last analysis to interpret the will of society. This transformation necessitated a denial of "principles" and an affirmation of relativism. Good law was that which somehow answered to the considered will of the people, rather than that which answered to abstract principles immutably engraved upon the granite of court house porticos. And in so sweeping an elimination, inevitably there was danger of something essential gurgling down the drain with the dishwater. Mr. Holmes himself was so firmly fixed in a sound tradition—a tradition of Christian ethics, despite the surface coating of Unitarianism—that there was little danger of such a result in his own personal case. That is the trouble with pragmatism. It is only to be appreciated for its danger when it becomes embodied in a Hitler or a Stalin, in a person who has deliberately divested himself of, or been deprived of, the instinctive criteria associated with any strong and noble tradition.

What is even more important, the law before it began to bend to the forces of pragmatism, was hidebound and inelastic because it had lost the ability to distinguish between what is really principle and what sets itself up as principle. Once again the scribes and pharisees needed rebuking. The law must indeed yield to the *legitimate* aspirations and desires of the society which it governs, to the "climate" of that society. Hence in any healthy system, law to a large extent should be the codification of custom, but of such custom as continues to be vital and living. The danger arises when it becomes a codification of dead or dying custom erected into something misnamed

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principle. And it is especially at moments of profound social or political or economic change that the judge finds himself in the terribly arduous position of having to determine what custom is moribund, what custom is quick. But behind all of this we are beginning once again to realize that there is such a thing as principle—principle not stated in statute terms or in idle aphorism, but principle stated philosophically: those things which conform to human nature, to human nature in its highest development and aspiration. Here you begin to get a concept of the natural law (and of the divine law) which is distinct from and yet which governs the law practiced in law courts.

We are on two levels. Properly the higher level is concerned with the study of man and of man's relation to God, indeed with a normative rather than with a statistical study of man. The lower level is concerned with the vast field of existing social structures, which cannot long be in conflict with the natural and divine law, but which cover great expanses of what might be called neutral territory. Here are the rules by which any given society wants to play the game. Without such rules, there cannot be a game. But the rules are, in an absolute sense, very largely indifferent. Which is by no means the same thing as saying that a given man in a given society can licitly be indifferent to the rules of *his* society. Hence there are properly large areas—though bounded areas—in which a considered pragmatism is the proper approach to law, and Mr. Justice Holmes rendered modern civilization a great service in his assertion of pragmatism as one of the sets of criteria necessary in the administration of the law. That in theory (though rarely in practice) he denied all other criteria was perhaps the inevitable consequence of his having to readjust a balance which had gone too far askew.

Why Irish?

OCCASIONALLY a novel comes along which makes you wonder how the author went about it. In the case of Ray W. Sherman's "The Other Mahoney" he apparently wanted to tell the story of America's industrial ups and downs of the past fifty years. This, from the viewpoint of a worker, later a manager, who was the first to feel the impact of these depressions. In 1893-4, this protagonist, Peter Mahoney, earned a grand total of $20, and him with a wife and the most modest savings. And $9.50 of this he made by rebuilding the rickety steps of an old saloon. For months there simply was no work to be found anywhere.

But to get back to the hypothesis about the author's problem. To make his story real he decided to deal with one group of immigrants, the Irish. The Emerald Isle is the origin of practically all the leading characters. To give them a sense of reality he endows some with quickness of temper and others with inability to forget a grudge. (Peter's other self, for instance, is always spoiling for trouble.) He tags them with such names as Bridget and Kathleen, McCarthy and Mahoney, and brings in the old jingle about Paddy's pig to greet Peter Mahoney on his first day at school. But in the face of a whole cavalcade of sufferings and deaths, marriages and family conclaves, there is not a single mention of a prayer, a saint, a priest, scarcely anything relating to religion. Mr. Sherman's Irish are really only half Irish; he might just as well have selected from a number of other national strains. Whether or not he left out this element for fear of handling it badly, for reasons of tact, it does make his characters incomplete.

Despite this drawback, "The Other Mahoney" can hardly be too strongly commended for making real what the American worker has been up against when depression comes. It also well shows how ambitious workmen in the nineteenth century fought their way up to executive positions, often risking everything in the effort to establish a business of their own. The anxieties of business men could hardly be more feelingly depicted. The final effect of this hard-won American success story is to inspire the reader with a determination that at long last real steps be taken to end our deepening cycle of depressions. "The Other Mahoney" is sociology in human terms.

More Books of the Week

The Literary Fallacy. Bernard De Voto. Little. $2.50.

MR. DE VOTO has a nice time riding his hobby, and for the most part the reader will enjoy going along with him. That is, the reader will if he assents to the premise that a culture is many things besides books—especially the purely literary books—and is willing to indulge Mr. De Voto's fondness for certain ingredients. The secondary contentions are that Mr. Sinclair Lewis didn't grow up, and that Mr. Ernest Hemingway has flirted outrageously with pre-Piltdown ladies. And the thesis is concerned with Van Wyck Brooks, accused of having formulated a dogma about American culture which he subsequently repudiated. It is contended that Mr. Brooks based his doctrine on impressions of authors he had never read and on judgments about issues which he had failed to analyze. Even the subsequent recantation by the author of "The Flowering of New England" does not satisfy Mr. De Voto. Some of the reasons for this discontent are well stated and of critical value. Others, like Mr. Brooks's failure to appreciate the medical notions of Holmes, strike me as merely eccentric. It is, alas, obvious that no critic or historian can know everything. On Mr. De Voto's premises he could, and no fooling, be expected to scrutinize Longfellow's grades at Sunday School, or Hawthorne's entries into the books of the Salem Customs House.

The book is brilliant, sometimes amusing, and always quite worth while. It is about as literate and adult an essay as we have seen in some time. But I think Mr. De Voto misses part of the point. Brooks's initial attitude was the product of what we might well term a youth movement, started I think by college students' sudden awareness of the difference between their academic environment and the American social milieu. The professor was usually a well-to-do amateur, who followed the theater and the literary market, amassed a number of anecdotes and conveniently forgot about *hoi polloi*. But outside a new journalism was flourishing in which the social ills and injustices were being mercilessly panned. Thus there was, I remember, a little spicy two-by-four which in those days exposed the employment iniquities of department stores. Of course the student was rather poorly informed either about literature or about social affairs. But it is to his credit, it is surely proof of his disgust with the purely literary, that he didn't like the gulf between what he was taught and what he saw, and that he proceeded to kick up a fuss. Mr. Brooks was one of those students. It is perhaps not tactless of me, as a somewhat younger member of the Brooks generation, to point this out for auld lang syne.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

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The Influence of the Enlightenment on the Catholic Theory of Religious Education in France: 1750-1850. *Clarence Edward Elwell. Harvard.* $3.50.

IT IS helpful in a time of crisis to look back through history and see how the Church has weathered past storms. Such a backward look reveals a further helpful fact: that our present problems have their roots in past problems, an understanding of which is a factor in the solution of our own. Enlightened historians enable us to see backward as a preliminary to seeing forward, and any book which can serve as a means should be welcome. Historical research cannot always be written with the imaginative color and effective style necessary to make it popular, yet it always has something of value to contribute. Research of this kind is recorded in "The Influence of the Enlightenment on the Catholic Theory of Religious Education in France: 1750-1850," by Clarence Edward Elwell, Professor of Education at Sisters' College, Cleveland.

The fact that this book is written with a cool precision which suggests the word "thesis" is a guarantee of its accurate scholarship, and although on this account it may not have a wide appeal, the thoughtful student of church history or of education will find valuable material in it for many an unwritten thesis. The material is arranged as clearly as a map. The century which it covers was broken in two by the French Revolution. The first half witnessed the attack of philosophic "enlightenment" upon the Church and upon education, which was then inseparable from the Church; the second half saw the secularization of society under the influence of nationalism and materialism. A picture of our modern dual system of public vs parochial schools leaps to the mind, and we are led to exclaim: "So this is why!" This is why we are obliged to break down artificial barriers between the departments of knowledge, set up by state control of schools; this is why our catechisms are still "on the defensive," this is why we must work so hard to restore the influence of the liturgy to education.

The Church in France failed to produce, at the moment needed, a thinker of the brilliance of Voltaire, but she was not silent. The steady, quiet-toned stream of protests from the pens of churchmen proves how consistent was her answer to the challenge. This answer brings out one of the most striking and hopeful attributes of Christian thought: the Church's amazing capacity for adaptability. She takes the weapons of her foe and makes them her own. Deists and atheists placed their weight upon human reason to the exclusion of revelation. The Church condemned this attitude as rationalism, then proceeded to make her own educational methods more rational by showing the reasonableness of a faith hitherto taught in perhaps too authoritative a fashion. This is only one illustration of the truth so amply proved by this book, that the Church is great enough to compass all sides of a question, and that her enemies err by exclusiveness. The richness of quotation by which the book emphasizes this fact is perhaps its most valuable quality.

It is not fair to ask of a book more than it professes to give. Professor Elwell has searched through many hidden sources and has woven from his findings a pattern of the interaction of religion and of infidelity in the field of education during a critical century. Yet it is hard for the reader to be content with this. There are some vital aspects of the subject that he has not brought into his scheme; such, for instance, as the rise of new teaching orders from the very embers of the Revolution, orders which met the time-spirit of the nineteenth century with a more dynamic and positive answer than that found in treatises. There is an unwarranted silence on some important matters. However, students who know of these matters from other sources can complete for themselves the picture, so finely drawn by the author, of causes whose effects we experience today.

MARGARET WILLIAMS, R.S.C.J.

Carmelite and Poet. Robert Sencourt. Macmillan. $3.00.

MR. SENCOURT'S subtitle is "A Framed Portrait of Saint John of the Cross." In the last paragraphs of the book he states that no portrait of this great contemplative and poet can be more than an interpretation, and that few can do justice to a portrait until it is appropriately framed, and adds, "This man's frame is in the gorgeous style of Spanish baroque. He burst into poetry at Toledo at the time when Cervantes and El Greco nurtured their genius in its streets. Spain's finest sculptor, Montañez, was born at Alcala-la-real when at Granada Fray Juan de la Cruz was writing "The Living Flame of Love." He was not only a writer on asceticism, but a troubadour singing to taut strings a song of Old Castile. He is as much a trophy of its romance as the contemporary Escorial, as the baroque sanctuary of San Isidro in Madrid . . ." The reviewer, considering the frame furnished, is appalled by its elaborateness, by a sort of profusion that amounts almost to disarray. Little that could be linked up with the writings of Saint John of the Cross has escaped Mr. Sencourt: the writings, Spanish and other, that influenced his thought and compositions, the works of previous mystics, the poems and chronicles of the contemporary Luis de Leon and Saint Teresa are named and described, as are the lives of his associates. The many poems in English literature that seem to derive something from Saint John's teachings on contemplation are touched on. The volume is exceedingly rich in allusion, and sends one off in search of the verses of the metaphysical poets, Donne, Vaughan and their group, as well as "The Treatise on the Love of God" of Saint Francis de Sales. A keen interest not only in mystical literature but also in the interior life informs the whole, and the exquisite sympathy between the author and the subject is evident throughout. If Saint John's portrait is less vivid than one longs for, one must remember that this great Doctor of the Church was a shy and elusive person. Saint Teresa is said to have complained, when trying at the court of Philip II to right wrongs done her friend, that she could find nobody who could even remember the little man!

Mr. Sencourt makes excellent use of the works of modern authorities on the life and works of Saint John: Father Bruno, Father Crisógono and others; one wishes that he had employed Mr. E. Allison Peers's translations of Saint John's verse as well as those of his prose, which he quotes often, but this is, perhaps, a personal preference. His frequent quotations from Mrs. G. Cunninghame Graham's remarkably graphic biography of Teresa of Avila are perhaps partly responsible for the fact that his own subject is overshadowed by that charming but dominant saint.

On page twenty-five there is an involved sentence relative to the Holy Eucharist which lends itself to an interpretation contrary to the doctrine of the Church by seeming to imply that transubstantiation occurs only for the devout and believing. This will doubtless be corrected in a later edition.

D. H. MOSELEY.

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Voiceless India. Gertrude Emerson. Day. $3.00.

WHATEVER form Indian self-government may take after this war, the ultimate test of its suitability will be its effect on the cultural and economic life of the countryside. Gertrude Emerson's description of her life in one of India's 700,000 villages is therefore more than ever a document of real value. The book, first published in 1930 and out of print for many years, has been thoroughly revised, and an introduction by Pearl Buck has been added.

I don't know whether the village of Pachperwa (pronounced "Putch-pair-wha"), the village of the Five Trees, is in every regard a typical village. But it is in any case an experience to read an occidental woman's description of Indian country life that is minute and intimate. The Indian poet Rabindranath Tagore found in her picture "the honest color of truth" and "what is more precious, depth of human sympathy."

There is one remark in Mrs. Emerson's book which casts a strange light on what our Christian civilization contributes to the building of world democracy. The poor lady was puzzled at what to do with the American magazines sent to her remote Indian village. "It was essential, to save my reputation in Pachperwa, to get rid of those sophisticated representations of love-making, bathing beauties and I know not what else. But there simply was no place to throw anything away. The ground was as hard as rock. The charcoal stove was in the kitchen under Din Mohammed's jurisdiction. At last, in the death of the night, when also the servants were safely asleep, I rose and at the far side of the house, on the path of red brick dust, I made a little bonfire. . . ." MAX FISCHER.

Voices from Unoccupied China. Edited by Harley Farnsworth MacNair. Chicago. $1.50.

IN 1893 to 1897 Captain Alfred Mahan, U.S.N., published a series of articles on the influence of American sea-power in the Pacific. His analysis of protective naval strategy was, of course, basically sound. The apparent discrepancy in it, entirely justified then but so strangely unwarranted today, was that Mahan feared, not "the civilized and progressive Japanese," but "the barbarous Chinese." The latter were the menace to the world. Fifty years ago there was much to be said for that point of view. The fatuous Manchu dynasty could be a menace in the very fact of its own disorder, as was the Turkish "sick man of Europe." Sun Yat Sen's Chinese rebellion against the Manchu conquerors in 1912 released toward its flowering the old Chinese civilization which had lain quiescent rather than dormant for half a millenium. Chinese born and bred in China, others born in the British Empire and the Dutch East Indies, where they were shrewdly able to synthesize the useful from both cultures, and Chinese who have studied in the United States and Europe, all have contributed to this symposium of "Voices" which is beginning to express the sober thoughts of Asia, of civilization and the world.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

The Seas of God. Edited by Whit Burnett. Lippincott. $3.00.

"THE SEAS OF GOD" is a collection of short stories and essays described on the jacket as being "great stories of the human spirit by 49 famous authors." The editor, Whit Burnett, compiled the book with the idea, apparently, of pointing to the search for God—and in some cases the finding of God—by many of past and present literary greats. Represented are such craftsmen as Thomas Mann, Anton Chekov, Franz Werfel, Aldous Huxley, Thomas Wolfe.

The stories and essays are grouped under a number of headings, such as "God's Lonely Man," "The Vineyard," "The Inward Vision," "City of God" and so on. The idea is rather attractive, for the use of these titles serves to point up the very often rather vague ideas which are couched in actual writing. The captions, however, are often misleading, for who can call Pearl Buck's Father Andrea the story of whom is found in "God's Lonely Man," a truly lonely man. After all, he has most certainly found in his life a contact with God which is sufficient to fill up the life of any individual with companionship.

It seems rather obvious that the man who edited this work is engaged himself in a longing search for truth. Certainly his selection of stories points out the groping of thinking men in the darkness of uncertainty, the searching down the long corridors of the years for the right road to follow for a completing of life. Except for the work of Sigrid Undset and a few others, there is a very definite lack of unity in the train of thought expressed by the authors represented.

"The Seas of God" is, nonetheless, most certainly good reading. It is the sort of book from which a story can be read at random before turning out the lights at the end of the day. And any number of the stories are good in their neat turns of plot, their brilliant characterization. Some are even inspiring for their heroic singing of man's love of God and of that love returned.

WILLIAM H. SHRIVER, JR.

Christianity and Classical Culture. A Study of Thought and Action from Augustus to Augustine. Charles Norris Cochrane. Oxford. $5.00.

THIS is not a "review" of Mr. Cochrane's book in the sense of a critical appraisal of its merits, for such an appraisal is utterly beyond the capacity of this "reviewer." Nor is it an "appreciation" in the accepted meaning of that word for, to "appreciate" a work of this sort, the sweep of its subject and the scholarship that has gone to its treatment, one would have to be oneself steeped in the history, the literature, the philosophy and the theology of four centuries which include the greatest transformation, the most significant reorientation of human thinking in recorded history. Needless to say, this reviewer is in no such category. All that he can say is that he has been profoundly interested in a first reading of Mr. Cochrane's pages and expects to return to them again and again for careful study.

His subject he has stated in the opening sentence of his "Introduction": "The theme of this work is the revolution in thought and action which came about through the impact of Christianity upon the Greco-Roman world." If it be true—and it is—that the Incarnation is the focal point of human history, the touchstone of all human values to the end of time, the "revolution" that it accomplished is obviously the most important of all the changes affecting mankind since the Fall, nor can another of similar import be expected in the future—however long that future may be. Mr. Cochrane picks up the story with Augustus, when the decay of the great Republic of Rome seemed for a while to have been stayed, and leaves it with Augustine, when it seemed as if it was

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the end of all civilization and even all order. By that time what Mr. Cochrane calls the Christian *logos* had firmly established itself as the norm of man's thinking. He follows the steps by which this was accomplished through the recorded history of the times and the remains of man's thoughts on religion, philosophy, law and so forth that have come down to us in what we call the classics of ancient culture. For the men whom we know through these remains he has unbounded sympathy; they were, he says, "splendid sinners," and he makes a strong case for them as such.

The study divides into three parts—"Reconstruction" (Augustus to Constantine), "Renovation" (Constantine to Theodosius) and "Regeneration" (the Augustinian period)—and ends with a chapter, "Divine Necessity and Human History," in which the conclusions of the whole are summed up. It would be folly for this reviewer to attempt to report these in any detail, and he will simply record the general impression that Mr. Cochrane's work has left upon him. The story in his pages is that of a great and rich pagan civilization which made the most ambitious attempts to *secularize* human society, that is to create an eternal human order on the principles of *naturalism*, and failed, dissolving in the process, and being regenerated and re-enriched by Christianity. What we are witnessing in the world today is the spectacle of a once Christian civilization which had become deeply *secularized*—repaganized—and is now struggling for its life against a flood of enemies within itself, threatening to tear it apart. Does this mean that the work of the four centuries here described must be done over again and, this time, under difficulties greater than then? Mr. Cochrane does not discuss that question directly or indirectly; he definitely eschewed it. But to this reviewer's mind, it is posed most plainly in his pages. T. F. W.

Lodging for a Night. Adventures in Good Eating. Adventures in Good Cooking. Duncan Hines (P. O. Box 548, Bowling Green, Ky.). $1.50 Each.

THESE three manuals have been re-issued at intervals for several years and have proved the best thing of the sort so far compiled in this country. They are at present particularly to be recommended for service men, since soldiers and sailors these days are doing most of the traveling. Mr. Hines has worked out a system whereby his readers help to edit his books; only upon the recommendation of readers are restaurants, hotels, or recipes included; emphatic kicks from readers can do a good deal to get recipes, hotels, restaurants thrown out. No advertising appears in any of these volumes.

Organization of American Relief in Europe, 1918-1919. *Suda Lorena Bane and Ralph Haswell Lutz. Stanford.* $6.00.

ALL THE documentation on setting up the framework within which Mr. Hoover fed the starving after the last war. Dull but very useful source material.

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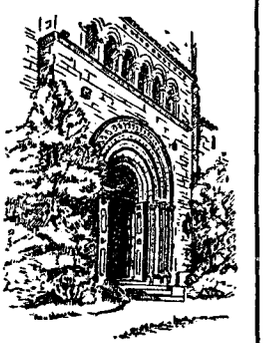

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